Gen. I haue bene worth the whiſtle.

Enter the Duke of Albeney.

Alb. O *Gonorill*, you are not worth the duſt which the winde
Blowes in your face, I feare your diſpoſition,
That nature which contemnes it origin,
Cannot be bordered certaine in it ſelfe,
She that her ſelfe will ſliuer and disbranch
From her materiall ſap, perforce muſt wither,
And come to deadly vſe.

Gon. No more, the text is fooliſh.

Alb. Wiſedome and goodneſſe to the vilde ſeeme vilde,
Filths ſauour but themſelues, what haue you done?
Tygers, not daughters, what haue you perform'd?
A father, and a gracious aged man,
Whoſe reuerence the head-lugd Beare would licke;
Moſt barbarous, moſt degenerate haue you madded;
Could my good brother ſuffer you to do it?
A man, a Prince, by him ſo beneflicted,
If that the heauens do not their viſible ſpirits
Send quickly downe to tame the vilde offences, it will come
Humanly muſt perforce prey on it ſelfe, like monſters of the
deepe.

Gon. Milke liuer'd man,
That beareſt a cheeke for blowes, a head for wrongs,
Who haſt not in thy browes an eie deſeruing thine honour,
From thy ſuffering, that not know'ſt fooles, do theſe villains pity
Who are puniſht ere they haue done their miſchiefe,
Where's thy drum? *France* ſpreds his banners in our noiſeleſſe
Land, with plumed helme thy ſlaier begins threats,
Whiles thou a morall foole, ſits ſtill and cries
Alacke, why does he ſo?

Alb. See thy ſelfe diuell, proper deformiry ſeemes not in the
fiend, ſo horrid as in woman.

Gon. O vaine foole.

Alb. Thou chang'd and ſelfe-couerd thing, for ſhame
Be-monſter not thy feature, wer't my fitneſſe

To let theſe hands obey my bloud,
They are apt enough to diſlecate and teare
Thy fleſh and bones, how ere thou art a fiend,
A womans ſhape doth ſhield thee.

Gon. Marry your man-hood now———

Enter a Gentleman.

Alb. What newes?

Gent. O my good Lord, the Duke of *Cornwa*
his ſeruant, going to put out the other eie of *G*

Alb. *Gloſters* eyes?

Gen. A ſeruant that he bred, thrald with rem
Oppos'd againſt the acte, bending his ſword
To his great maſter, who thereat enraged,
Flew on him, and amongſt them feld him dead,
But not without that harmfull ſtroke,
Which ſince hath pluckt him after.

Alb. This ſhewes you are aboue your Iuſtic
That theſe our neather crimes ſo ſpeedily can
But oh poore *Gloceſter*, loſt he his other eye?

Gent. Both, both my Lord, this letter Madan
Anſwer, tis from your ſiſter.

Gon. One way I like this well,
But being widow, and my *Gloceſter* with her,
May all the building on my fancy plucke,
Vpon my hatefull life, another way the newes
Ile reade and anſwer.

Alb. Where was his ſonne when they did ta
Gent. Come with my Lady hither.
Alb. He is not here.
Gent. No my good Lord, I met him backe ag
Alb. Knowes he the wickedneſſe?
Gent. I my good Lord, twas he inform'd aga
And quit the houſe on purpoſe, that their puni
Might haue the freer courſe.
Alb. *Gloceſter*, I liue to thanke thee for the lo
Thou ſhewedſt the King, and to reuenge thy e